

The Cunning Fox.

The sagacity of the fox is most wonderful. It is related that he is tormented by fleas, and when the infestation becomes unbearable he gathers a mouthful of moss and slowly walks backward into the nearest stream until only the mouth is left above the surface of the water. The fleas meantime take refuge on the moss, and when the fox is satisfied that they have all embarked he opens his mouth, and the moss drifts away, while the wily fox regains the bank, happy in freedom from his tormentors.—Exchange.

Moved Nine Million Pounds.

American engineers have just performed a feat at Bismarck, N. D., which has never before been equaled. It took them an entire year to make their preparations, and when all was ready they moved a pier of the Northern Pacific railway bridge, weighing 9,000,000 pounds, about four feet in a few minutes.

BUY THE GENUINE SYRUP OF FIGS

...MANUFACTURED BY... CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. IF NOTE THE NAME.



CURE YOURSELF! Use Big C for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of the mucous membranes. Prevents constipation, catarrhs, and all astriction of the bowels.

GROVES



TASTELESS CHILL TONIC

IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS. WARRANTED. PRICE 50 cts.

GALATIA, ILL., Nov. 16, 1893. Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo. Gentlemen:—We sold last year, 600 bottles of GROVES' TASTELESS CHILL TONIC and have bought three gross already this year. In all our experience of 14 years, in the drug business, have never sold an article that gave such universal satisfaction as your Tonic. Yours truly, ABNEY, CARR & CO.

P. N. U.—L. A. No. 58

MRS. LUCY GOODWIN

Suffered four years with female troubles. She now writes to Mrs. Pinkham of her complete recovery. Read her letter:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish you to publish what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Sanative Wash and Liver Pills have done for me.



I suffered for four years with womb trouble. My doctor said I had falling of the womb. I also suffered with nervous prostration, faint, all-gone feelings, palpitation of the heart, bearing-down sensation and painful menstruation. I could not stand but a few minutes at a time.

When I commenced taking your medicine I could not sit up half a day, but before I had used half a bottle I was up and helped about my work.

I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used one package of Sanative Wash, and am cured of all my troubles. I feel like a new woman. I can do all kinds of housework and feel stronger than I ever did in my life. I now weigh 131½ pounds. Before using your medicine I weighed only 108 pounds.

Surely it is the grandest medicine for weak women that ever was, and my advice to all who are suffering from any female trouble is to try it at once and be well. Your medicine has proven a blessing to me, and I cannot praise it enough.—Mrs. Lucy Goodwin, Holly, W. Va.

A Famous Apple Tree.

The American Cultivator says that the original greening apple tree is still standing on the farm of Solomon Drowne at Mount Hygeia in North Foster, R. I. The tree was a very old one when the farm was sold in 1801. The seller informed the purchaser that it was a pity the old tree was going into decay, as it produced the best fruit of any tree in the orchard. The purchaser determined to see how long he could keep it alive, and it still survives, after almost another century has been added to its venerable years. But it shows signs of final decay, and the parent of all the famous Rhode Island greenings, which has set its grafts on the orchards of almost all the world, will soon be but a neighborhood memory. It is doubtful if there is a more famous apple tree to be found in all Pomona's groves from end to end of the earth.

Feed Your Nerves

Upon rich, pure, nourishing blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you will be free from those spells of despair, those sleepless nights and anxious days, those gloomy, deathlike feelings, those sudden starts at mere mothings, those dyspeptic symptoms and blinding headaches. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done this for many others—it will cure you.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1.50 for \$5. HOOD'S PILLS cure sick headache. 25 cents.



Chilly Blaine—"Wot's de softes' snap yer ever struck?" Frozen Foote—"A toothless bull-dog."—Judge.

Little Girl (looking at impressionistic landscape)—"Mamma, what made him think it looked like that?"—Harlem Life.

Watts—"It takes travel to bring out what there is in a man." Potts—"Especially sea travel."—Indianapolis Journal.

"If you insist upon knowing, there are two reasons for my refusing you." "And they are?" "Yourself and another man."—Life.

Rigby—"Did you fire your cook?" Digby—"No; she fired herself." Rigby—"French leave?" Digby—"No; gasoline."—Brooklyn Life.

"Oh, Bridget! I told you to notice when the apples boiled over." "Sure, I did, mum; it was quarter-past eleven."—Bangor News.

Witty—"That fellow has seen a great many people pass in their checks." Jones—"Is he a Westerner?" Witty—"No; he's a baggage-clerk."—Judge.

"Lester, dear," said Mrs. Giddings, anxiously, to her husband, "I don't like that cough of yours." "I'm sorry," replied Giddings, "but it is the best I have."—Bazar.

"And you say the hero wears the most striking costume in the whole piece?" "Yes." "That's queer. What is it?" "Tights and boxing-gloves."—Detroit News.

Charity Worker—"If you'll split that wood I'll give you a meal ticket." Tramp (indignantly)—"Away wit' your split tickets, ma'am! I'm no cursed Mugwump."—Judge.

"He proposed to me on a postal-card." "Did you accept him?" "Of course not. Do you suppose I would marry a man who doesn't care two cents for me?"—Art in Dress.

The Father—"Here, you sir! Stop hugging my daughter in that shameful manner!" The Lover—"Hub! When did you get to be a press censor?"—New York Journal.

"Just think, somebody broke into my studio last night. Unfortunately, I had just begun a study in still life." "Was it stolen?" "No, but the models were. A ham and some sausages."

Hojack—"Why are you consulting the dictionary? I thought you knew how to spell." Tomdick—"I do. I am not looking for information, but for corroboration."—Tit-Bits.

A resemblance: "Mamma, you don't know why Easter Sunday is like the letter t," said Freddy Fangle. "No, I don't, Freddy. Why is it?" "Because it is the end of Lent."—Judge.

Mr. Hunker—"I have merely a speaking acquaintance with Miss Throckmorton." Mr. Spatts—"You are very lucky; all her other acquaintances are listening acquaintances."—Judge.

Missess—"Have you cracked those nuts for dessert, Sarah?" Maid—"I've cracked the small 'uns all right, mum; but they big 'uns will take stronger jaws than mine to do."—The Sketch.

Book Agent—"Let me show you a copy of our latest work, 'Noted Pugnists and Their Triumphs in the Ring.'" Victim—"I don't want to see it; I never have any use for a scrap-book."—The Publisher's Weekly.

"Dear Charlie, if I marry you, will you get up and make the fires in the morning?" "Darling girl, we will get married in the summer. Before winter you will get used to the idea of making the fires yourself."—Chicago Record.

Limited: Judge—"The plaintiff charges you with non-support." Hardup—"I give her as much as I earn. Judge—"But she says you have given her absolutely nothing." Hardup—"That's just what I earn, your honor."—Harper's Weekly.

Mrs. De Style—"Dear me! What a lot of society news you've got hold of—even to a full description of Miss Tip-top's Paris trousseau! Where did you hear it all?" Miss De Style—"At the symphony concert."—New York Weekly.

"Fine morning, your worship," affably remarked the man who had been arrested the night before for being drunk and disorderly. "Yes, indeed," responded the justice, "quite a fine morning—in fact, a ten-dollar fine morning."—Boston Traveler.

Indignant wife—"Here, sir, is the photograph of a strange woman I find you are in the habit of carrying around in your pocket. I demand an explanation." Husband—"Why, pshaw! my dear, I fell in love with that girl long before our marriage."—Harlem Life.

A Georgia author wrote to a New York publisher: "What could you do with a story of say sixty-five thousand words?" The publisher replied briefly: "If the express company would undertake it, we could send it back to you immediately."—Atlanta Constitution.

Grotesque Spanish Honor.

The Washington Times recalls a story about the Duke of Wellington that illustrates the fantastic idea of honor held by many Spaniards, contrasted with the practical common sense of Englishmen. When the duke was co-operating with the Spanish army in the peninsula against Napoleon, he was desirous on one occasion during a general engagement that the general commanding the Spanish contingent should execute a certain movement on the field. He communicated the wish to the Spaniard personally and was somewhat taken aback to be told that the honor of the king of Spain and his army would compel him to refuse the request unless Wellington, as a foreign officer graciously permitted to exist and fight on Spanish soil, should present the petition on his knees.

The old duke often used to tell the story afterward, and he would say, "Now, I was extremely anxious to have the movement executed, and I didn't care a twopenny damn about getting on my knees, so down I pumped!"

Cake

made with Schilling's Best baking powder has no bitter taste.

MEMORIES.

The heart grows sad sometimes when strange hands waken
A strain, a melody of other days,
And backward through the past the mind goes straying
Till heartstrings snap in twain on which he plays.

I walked today along the village highway,
A sunny head was bared, a form bent low—
Ah, with a pang it brought to me sweet memories
Of one so like him in the long ago!

But bitter sweet, the memories that awaken
The love that filled each heart was never told,
For both of us were proud, and I, so fearful
My secret should be known, was silent, cold.

Ah, well, the same old tale, so oft repeated!
I knew not that he loved me—ah, you smile—
'Twas after years I learned it, but he never,
Never knew I loved him all the while.
—Rose Van B. Speece.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED

The Doctor Slocum System Has Proven Beyond Any Doubt Its Positive Power Over the Dread Disease.

EXTERMINATING THE CURSE OF AGES

By Special Arrangement with the Doctor, Three Free Bottles Will be Sent to All Readers of This Paper.

The Doctor Slocum System, as the name implies, is a comprehensive and complete system of treatment, which attacks every vulnerable point of the disease and completely vanquishes it. It leaves no point unguarded; it leaves no phase of the trouble neglected; it cures, and cures forever, Weak Lungs, Coughs, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Consumption and all other throat and lung diseases by absolutely obliterating the cause.



EDITORIAL NOTE.—The Doctor Slocum System is Medicine reduced to an Exact Science by the World's most Famous Physician. All readers of this paper, anxious regarding the health of themselves, children, relatives or friends, may have three free bottles as represented in the above illustration, with complete directions, pamphlets, testimonials, advice, etc., by sending their full address to Dr. T. A. Slocum, the Slocum Building, New York City. This is a plain, honest, straightforward offer, and is made to introduce the merits of The New System of Treatment that Cures, and we advise all sufferers to accept this philanthropic offer at once. When writing the Doctor please mention this paper. All letters receive immediate and careful attention.



EPILEPTIC SPELLS

If You Suffer

From Epilepsy, Epileptic Spells, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance, Falling Sickness, Vertigo, etc., have children or relatives that do so, or know people that are afflicted, My New Discovery,

Epilepticide,

Will cure them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a Free Bottle and try it. I am quite prepared to abide by the result. It has cured thousands where everything else has failed. Please give full name, AGE, and postoffice and express address

WM. H. MAY, M.D., May Laboratory, 94 Pine St., New York City.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—All sufferers are advised to send for Gratuitous Expert Advice and a Free Bottle of this New Discovery, which is an Unfailing Cure for any and all of the frightful forms of Epilepsy and allied nervous diseases. When writing Doctor May, please mention this paper.

A Beautiful Present

In order to further introduce ELASTIC STARCH (Flat Iron Brand), the manufacturers, J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., of Keokuk, Iowa, have decided to GIVE AWAY a beautiful present with each package of starch sold. These presents are in the form of

Beautiful Pastel Pictures

They are 13x19 inches in size, and are entitled as follows:

Lilacs and Pansies.

Pansies and Marguerites.

Wild American Poppies.

Lilacs and Iris.



These rare pictures, four in number, by the renowned pastel artist, R. LeRoy, of New York, have been chosen from the very choicest subjects in his studio and are now offered for the first time to the public. The pictures are accurately reproduced in all the colors used in the originals, and are pronounced by competent critics, works of art. Pastel pictures are the correct thing for the home, nothing surpassing them in beauty, richness of color and artistic merit.

One of these pictures will be given away with each package of purchased of your grocer. It is the best laundry starch on the market, and is sold for 10 cents a package. Ask your grocer for this starch and get a beautiful picture.

ALL GROCERS KEEP ELASTIC STARCH. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE